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POEMS
OF
CHILDHOOD

MILLER



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Poems of... ...Childhood

By
Harvey M. Miller



THE HAWTHORNE PRESS
ELIZABETHVILLE, PA.

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21

TO
OUR DAUGHTER
SARA PARK MILLER
AGE 3
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

CONTENTS

PART I

	PAGE
Afraid of the Wind	17
'Anta C'aus	87
Br'er Rabbit	32
Bed-time in Fairyland	61
Building Blocks	65
Clock, The	38
Dolly's Troubles	20
Gobbler, The	46
Gran'pa	57
Gran'ma	75
Grumble Alley	81
Little Housekeeper	69
Mule, The	39
Moon, The	52

CONTENTS

PART I

	PAGE
Mamma's Mistake	53
Mary Ann	64
Make Believe	73
Preacher, The	30
Pussy Me-ow	62
Ride a Horse	26
Rain Man, The	36
Swing, The	47
Seeing Things	49
Sleepy-head	71
Summer Land	78
Shadow, The	84
Tell-tale Birdie, The	55
Winter-Time	23
Wooden-Hill, The	40

CONTENTS

PART II

	PAGE
Baby's Prayer	105
Going Bye-bye	126
Home-made Royalty	101
Hand-writing on the Wall	121
Little Crib, The	93
Little Sweetheart	118
Little Seamstress, The	106
Noah's Ark	113
Pink Piggies	102
Question Mark	110
Rainbow, The	120
Slumber Song	98
Tinware Band, The	103

A MESSAGE TO CHILDREN

By Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Written expressly for this volume---"Poems of Childhood."

"Honor thy father & thy mother" is one of God's commandments to all children. It means do what they bid you - always tell them the truth - & always treat them with the tenderest love. I have never known a boy or girl to turn out well who trampled on the wishes of father or mother. When George Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home & enter the Navy. But his mother wept so bitterly that he said to his servant "bring back my trunk; I am not going to make my dear mother suffer so by leaving her". That decision of filial affection led him into the career that made him afterwards the honored & beloved Father of his Country."

Theodore L. Cuyler

Brooklyn April 29th 1908

Dr. Cuyler's Message :

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TO SARA

To you, Bright Eyes, wee human toy,
A precious heaven and earth alloy,
From Fancy's free, unfathomed spring
These chalices of verse I bring.
For with your coming also came
Some of my childhood back again :
The half-forgotten Long Ago,
The things I did and used to know,
And all the story books and toys
That made my childhood heart rejoice.
So for the pages of this book
Of Memory's keepsake store I took
What of my childhood still endures
To mingle that with all of yours.

PART I

AFRAID OF THE WIND

SOMETIMES when my prayers are
said,

And mamma puts me into bed,
Up and down along the sky
Comes a wild man riding by:

Up and down, and back again,
Rattling at the window-pane,
Calling loudly "Yoo!" so he
Surely must be after me.

I can hear him galloping
'Round the house like ever'thing
To my window here, and then
Calling "Yoo!" and "Yoo!" again.

Then I draw the covers out
So he can't see I'm about,
Close my eyes and, breathing low,
Wish he'd stop his calling so.

But he never seems to mind,
Just keeps calling all the time,
All the time as if he knew
All the naughty things I do.

'Then I creep, completely hid,
Underneath the coverlid,
'Think of all my naughty spells,---
I can think of nothing else.

Till at last when he says "Yoo!"
I can't help but cry "Boo---hoo!"
For I'm drefful scared, and then
Mamma hurries up again.

"It is just the wind," says she,
"Nature's holy minstrelsy:
Every soft and tender note
Rises from a fairy's throat."

So I close my eyes and creep
Safely to the Land of Sleep,
With the wild man riding by,
Up and down along the sky.

DOLLY'S TROUBLES

Dolly's miser'ble, oh my !
 Since Teddy Bear is here;
Her tongue is silent but her eye
 Holds many a china tear.
She gets a ter'ble jealous fit,
 And pulls her hair apart,
And soon or late I fear that it
 Will break her sawdust heart

I know she cannot bear a bear
 'At looks so drefful stern,
And all growed up with woolly hair,
 Just like a pussy-worm,
For when I take him by the paw,
 And lay her on the shelf,
She's so disgusted with it all
 She can't express herself.

Once when I took some honey cake
For Teddy Bear and me,
And mamma found out, goodness
sake !

And wasn't there to see,
And I got something, I confess,
'At wasn't made o' dough,
Why, dolly went and told, I guess,
Or how would mamma know ?

And once she shook her china fist
When Teddy Bear came in,
And just to see him run she hissed
The plaster dog at him;
The muslin cat woke up at that
To stop the plaster pup,
But Teddy Bear stood still right there
And et both of 'em up.

But dolly still is dear to me
And gets my bestest care:
A mother loves her child, you see,
More than a Teddy Bear.
I give her kisses just like this ***
As loving mothers do,
But gracious me ! I'd never kiss
A hairy bear. Would you ?

WINTER-TIME

Now hides the Sun his golden cup
 Behind the silver cloud,
And shuts his fiery eyelid up,
 That made old Summer proud.

The sky is white with snowy fleece
 That all about us spreads,
And fairies now pluck fairy geese
 For fairy feather-beds.

The fields are like a milky sea
 Across the meadow-land,
And where the drift piles merrily,
 There is the silver strand.

The pond is all of shining steel
Which boys and girls explore,
And fly about on wing-ed heel
Across the polished floor.

The sleigh-bells sing a silver song
Along the marble street,
Where all the merry-hearted throng
In furry comfort meet.

The trees are all a china show,
The fences all are chalk,
And people tiptoe to and fro
Upon the glassy walk.

The ivy scarcely stirs an inch,
Cemented to the wall,
And Winter's frosty fingers pinch
The rosy cheeks of all.

But snugly by the fire I sit
And rock on mamma's knee.
And never mind the cold a bit
As you can plainly see.

RIDE A HORSE

When I tire of playing here,
And I feel uncomf'y queer,
Just as if I'd like to go
Where the sugar-berries grow,
I leave ever'thing I own,
Toys and picture books at home,
And go riding far away,
'To the land of Happy Day.

Happy Day is always bright,
Just a land of sweet delight,
Where the robin plays his flute
On the boughs of golden fruit,
And the bee in selfish pride
Makes the rose his honey bride,
And the people smile and say :
"Glad to see you, happy day !"

When I'm ready, off I go,
But my horsey goes so slow;
First a walk and walk, you see,
Riding horse on mamma's knee,
And I can't get there too soon,
Where the candy kisses bloom,
And the children laugh and play
In the land of Happy Day.

So to make my horsey hep,
I keep shouting: "Please giddep!"
Crack my whip and bouncing go,
On the saddle, high and low;
First a walk and then a trot,
Never moving from the spot,
Trit-trot, trit-trot, far away,
To the land of Happy Day.

Trit-trot, trit-trot, off I ride
Where the ginger babies hide,
Chocolate cats and creamy mice,
In a sugar paradise;
Where the ice cream cow says "Moo"
And the taffy sticks like glue,
In its sweetness there I see
Happy Day ahead of me.

Fast and faster then we trot,
Hurrying on without a stop
Nor a trouble to annoy,
O'er the sunny hills of joy;
Then we gallop, gallop in
To the palace of the king,
Where the princes are at play
In the land of Happy Day.

There I see the fairy queen,
Like a splendid painted dream,--
Really truly every look
Just like in my story book;
And she plies her fairy art
With a charm upon my heart,
So that when I ride away
It is always happy day.

Then my horsey goes trit-trot,
Slow and slower to a stop;
Tired, sure enough, but then
I am safely home again.
And it's 'deed-'n-double true,
All my toys seem just like new,
And the kingdom where I play
Is the land of Happy Day.

THE PREACHER

On Sundays when the sky is clear
So they don't soil their clothes,
Folks hurry off to church to hear
How much the preacher knows.

The preacher stands up at a desk
And tells them when to sing,
And when some stop to take a rest,
Why, others just begin.

He reads a big book for a while,
Until it's time to pray,
And next a man comes thro' the aisle,
And then you have to pay.

Then all at once they all keep still,
To see what he will do,
And then he reads the big book till
I guess he reads it through.

And after that they sing some more,
And next he prays, and then
The people start off for the door
And hurry home again.

BR'ER RABBIT

Old Br'er Rabbit comes a-hopping up
the lane,
Knowing it is sure enough Easter-Time
again;
Acting dreffful scary-like because a hun-
ter chap
Only last winter-time caught him in a
trap,
And that was a tale of woe, for by the
tail he got 'm,
But Br'er Rabbit hopped away and
wrapped it up in cotton.

Now Br'er Rabbit, shy-like, keeps his
winkers open,
And he's just so ter'ble busy now you
never find him loafin';
Don't have time to comb his hair or
stroke his little whiskers,
Because the little laddies and all their
little sisters
Are expecting him to get around and
leave a little nest
Of pretty colored Easter eggs afore they're
up and dressed.

I often wondered why it was the Good
Man made him so
'That all the time he's hopping when he's
running,--now I know:
It keeps you always hopping when you
have so much to do,
And that is how Br'er Rabbit does or he
could not get thro',
And millions little boys and girls would
all be disappointed
If the Good Man hadn't made the Easter
Rabbit nimble-jointed.

So Br'er Rabbit comes along a-hopping
up the lane,
Coming 'round rememberin' his little
friends again;
Hears them say their little prayers and
sweetly go to rest,
And then he goes a-hopping 'round to
fill the Easter nest.
He knows they'll all be happy when it's
time to wake again,
So Br'er Rabbit hurries off a-hopping
down the lane.

THE RAIN MAN

IN summer when it's very warm
The Rain Man rides upon the storm,
And booming like a big bass drum,
I hear his rumbling chariot come,
And every time he lights his pipe
I see the flash, by day or night.

He brings a brimming sprinkling can
'To cheer the weary farmer man,
'Then stops directly overhead
And spills it o'er the garden-bed,
And scrubs the dusty, dirty face
Of every posy in the place.

He gives the rose a cleaner dress
Of crimson velvet loveliness,
And in the lily's snowy cup
He pours a drink to freshen up,
And when his pipe goes out at last,
The Rain Man and the storm have passed.

THE CLOCK

THE clock is running where it stands,
But never gets away,
And there it points with both its hands
To tell the time of day.

It tells the time to go to bed,
And when it's time to rise,
"Wake up!" it says, "you sleepy-head,
And rub, and rub your eyes."

And if I wake or if I sleep,
It tells the time, I know,
And that, I guess, is just what keeps
Its tongue a-wagging so.

THE MULE

THE patient mule is always sad,
His face is mostly ears,
Which keeps him feeling ter'ble bad
About the things he hears.

And even when he hears a joke
That splits him 'most in half,
You'd think his funny-bone was broke
To hear his mournful laugh.

His tail is smooth as any eel,
And when he's tickled there,
He cheers so hearty with his heel
That all his sadness share.

THE WOODEN HILL

THE Sandman comes on tippy-tiptoe,
At night when the sun goes down,
And the hush-a-by breezes softly blow
O'er the children in Drowsy-Town;
The By-low lady sings sweet and low,
And the Sandman tiptoes still,
While we rub our eyes and away we go,
Away up the Wooden Hill.

The way up the Wooden Hill I know
Like a path in a posy park :
It's the place where the wall-paper roses
grow
All day and all night in the dark :
Where it's all growed over with carpet
flowers
To be crushed right under my feet
When the Sandman comes in the evening
hours
And I climb up the Wooden Steep.

The Wooden Hill is the way to bed,
 To the shore of the Slumber Sea,
Where the Dreamship carries the
 sleepy-head
 To the foot of the dreamland tree;
An angel pilots the Dreamship true,
 As we sail o'er the Slumber Deep,
And the Good Man watches the long
 night thro',
 To the end of the voyage, Sleep.

When we reach the foot of the dreamland
tree

In the beautiful garden of Nod
On a dear little isle in the Slumber Sea,
Where we travel alone with God,
The angel gently shakes the good tree
In a moment of happiest bliss,
And down falls a sweet little dream for
me,
As sweet as an angel's kiss.

A sweet little dream of a dolly with curls,
And pretty blue eyes that sleep,
And snowy white teeth like a string of
pearls,
Where the lips at the Kissing-Place
meet;
A wee dolly coach and a tiny gold ring,
A wee dolly cradle and bed,---
The sweet little dream lets fall ever'thing
And piles it all over my head.

Oh, I love to sail on the Slumber Sea
On the Dreamship to the end,
With a beautiful angel to pilot me
Safe back to the shore again;
Back to the top of the Wooden Hill,
And down o'er the carpet flowers,
Where the birds hop up on the window-
sill,
And sing thro' the morning hours.

THE GOBBLER

THE turkey gobbler's face is red,
He must be very warm,
And like a fan his tail is spread
About his haughty form.

I think it is a foolish plan
To have it in that place---
He can't keep cool to hold his fan
The wrong end from his face.

THE SWING

I like to ride all day in a swing
Under a shady tree,
Up in the air like a flying thing---
A bird or a bum'ler bee.

Back and forth like the ticky-tick-tock
Of the clock on the wall;
Up in the air where the sunbeams flock
And down where the rose-leaves fall.

High in the air I can see far away,
Over the hills and trees,
Off to the fields where the daisies gay,
Smile and nod in the breeze.

There are the meadows far and wide,
 Green and gold in the sun,
Where the buttercups in the clover hide,
 And busy honey bees hum.

Where the lark hops early out of bed
 With a song for the day,
And Bob White wakens the sleepy-head,
 And the rabbit children play.

The hills where the splendid rainbows rise
 And here where I swing,
Everywhere seems a paradise,
 For God is in everything.

SEEING THINGS

WHEN mamma takes me by the hand
And leads the way to Slumberland
And says, "Good night, now dearie sleep!
Under the counterpane I creep
And close my eyes, but spite of all
I'm seeing things upon the wall.

Hop-toads hop and skip about---
Eyes like glass beads bulging out,
Piggies squealing in my ear,
And a mousey nibbling near,
Busy bugs with buzzing wings,
So I can't help seeing things.

There are anermals at me
If I wake or sleep, you see:
When I have a cold, suppose,
Why, a bug is up my nose;
When I am a little hoarse---
Frog is in my throat, o' course.

There are piggies at my toes,
How they got there, goodness knows!
And when mamma combs my hair,
Sure enough a mousey's there,
Or get my bath, why, I declare,
Then I'm a little baby bare.

So I can't help seeing things,
Busy bugs with buzzing wings,
And all the anermals that whirl
Around a teeny-weeny girl,
When mamma takes me by the hand
And leads the way to Slumberland.

THE MOON

THEY say the moon is made of cheese,
It is so round and yellow,
And there's a man up in the moon,
And he's a busy fellow.

He cuts the cheese a quarter slice,
And sometimes half the ball,
And when the moon cannot be seen
I guess the cheese is all.

MAMMA'S MISTAKE

I'M sure there's only one of me,
As anyone can plainly see,
And yet of all the queerest things
I sometimes think I'm re'ly twins.

For I'm a "good girl" when I do
Whatever mamma tells me to,
But if some mischief I get at
I am a "naughty girl" for that.

I think there must be some mistake,
If mamma will in-ves-ti-gate;
A good and naughty girl to be
Is too much to expect of me.

For once I saw a little lass
Peep out of our looking-glass,
And always ready to begin
A-peeping out when I peeped in.

And she was looking just like me---
As near alike as twins can be,
And mamma couldn't tell for true
The difference between us two.

But I'M the "good girl" mamma has;
'The "naughty girl" is in the glass;
And there is only one of me
As anyone can plainly see.

THE TELL-TALE BIRDIE

THERE are birds that come and swing
On our apple-tree and sing,
And fly away and never own
A spot 'at's re'ly truly home.

But there's a birdie I believe,
'At hasn't time at all to leave,
And never sings on bush or tree,
It's just too busy watching me.

For once I broke my dolly's head
To see her brains, and then in dread
I told mamma. She said : "I know---
A little birdie told me so."

And once I took some cookies sweet
To see if they were good to eat,
But mamma, sure enough, would know--
The little birdie told her so.

When I upset the ink she knew--
The little birdie told her too;
No matter what I do, you see,
The little birdie tells on me.

It's ever'where, in ever'thing,
But I have never heard it sing,
And I can't see it's any use---
It's such a simple little goose.

GRAN'PA

MY Gran'pa's good as he can be;
When he takes me on his knee
He hunts my funny-bone and shows
Where the Tickle-Berry grows
And the "Ha ! Ha !" laughs come from;
We have, O, such jolly fun---
He forgets those aches o' his;
An' how old he re'ly is.

Very, very long ago,
Gran'pa was a boy, you know;
Just a little child like me,
On his angel mamma's knee;
An' he 'members, so to say,
Like it had been yesterday,
Laughs and whistles now as then---
Happy as a boy again.

Yes, o' course he's bent a bit
In his back, but proud of it:
There he carried all the load
All along the weary road,
An' his head will soon or late
Be frosted like a picnic cake,
While he carries, where he goes,
Little windows on his nose.

But 'n deed all gran'pas they
Allers look just thataway,
An' their wrinkles only show
Dimples of the Long Ago;
For my Gran'pa ain't forgot
Funny-bone or kissing-spot,
Or sugar mouth 'at used to be,
When he takes me on his knee.

BED-TIME IN FAIRYLAND

AT night when all the stars are out
And twinkle up on high,
The little fairies are about
And tiptoe through the sky.

All wrapped in their blue nighties they
Go toddling overhead:
With starry lamps to show the way
The fairies go to bed.

PUSSY ME-OW

ONCE on a time a pussy-cat
With fur as fine as silk,
And black as papa's Sunday hat
Hungry on our doorstep sat
And cried "Me-ow!" for milk.

A naughty dog a-sneaking came
And made a "Bow-wow-wow!"
And shook her---wasn't it a shame?---
Until she had to "ouch" for pain,---
It was an awful row.

And pussy-cat is scary now
 When doggies sneak and crouch;
And when she hears a "bow-wow-wow"
She never cries "Me-ow! Me-ow!"
 But just "Me-ouch! Me-ouch!"

MARY ANN

MY dolly's name is Mary Ann
But she don't seem to know,
And I can't make her understand---
She learns so ter'ble slow.

I try to teach her ev'ry day
But she'll just sit and stare
And never mind, as if to say
She doesn't even care.

She can't be coaxed by any plan
To use her little tongue;---
I re'ly think that Mary Ann---
She must be deaf and dumb.

BUILDING BLOCKS

I have a box
Of wooden blocks
Of ev'ry shape and size,
And these I pile
In ev'ry style,
And so my houses rise.

Without a tool
I build a school,
A factory, and then
A church, a store,
Upon the floor,
And tear them down again.

A bank, a shop---
I never stop
'Till I have built a town;
It is such fun,
As one by one,
I make them tumble down.

I build a boat
And let it float
Upon the carpet sea,
And, tempest-tossed,
The boat is lost,
And left a wreck by me.

And next a barn
Upon a farm,
All filled with grain and hay;
A house beside,
With porches wide,
I build and tear away.

And temples fair
I build with care,
And palaces for kings,
But one and all
Must surely fall,
For they are fleeting things.

And castles grand
At my command
Fall into ruins quite.
I never knew
Before, did you,---
I had such awful might?

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

THIS little mouth is like a door
And always in good trim,
Where ev'ry word I say comes out
And sugar lumps go in.

These little eyes are clear as glass
Like windows in my head,
Where I look out and see the sun
When I wake up in bed.

This little nose seems very like
A little chimney top,
Where smoke comes out on frosty days
Like at our coffee-pot.

These little ears, as you can see,
Are shutters on the side,
Sometimes I keep them shut up tight
And sometimes open wide.

Indeed I am so like a house
I couldn't tell this minute,
If I'm a little house or just
The little girl within it.

But while I live I want to keep
The house in sweetest beauty,
And in good order, 'cause it is
A true housekeeper's duty.

SLEEPY-HEAD

SOMETIMES I am so tired it seems
I can't hold up my head,
For when it's loaded down with dreams
It's like a lump o' lead;
And when the drowsy mists arise
Across the Dreamland evening skies,
Down go the curtains of my eyes,
And I must go to bed.

I have to nod and stretch, oh hum!
And stretch and nod again,
And pray but almost say "oh hum"
Where I should say "Amen!"
And then I'm snugly tucked in bed,
A tired little sleepy head,
And wonder what the Sandman said
Until I wake again,

MAKE BELIEVE

SOMETIMES it seems too long to wait
Until I grow up big and great
Like folks who pass along the street
And bow politely when they meet,
But then I never stop to grieve,
I straightway go to Make Believe---
The dearest place, where in a wink
I change as quick as I can think.

In Make Believe I have no curls
But comb my hair like grown up girls,
Nor wear short dresses anymore
But gowns that trail across the floor,
And wear a great big posy hat
With feathers, lace and ribbons at,
For then I make believe, you see,
I am a lady 'stead of me.

GRAN'MA

DEAR old Gran'ma allers makes
The bestest kind of little cakes,
Ginger dollies, anermals too,
Doughnuts 'at have peep-holes through,
An' biscuit hearts for me to break,
All for my unworthy sake.

An' when I go to Gran'ma's she
Keeps those goodies all for me;
She is so very good and kind
I'm sure it would be hard to find
In all the round of childhood bliss
A sweetheart like my Gran'ma is.

She leads me gently by the hand
All thro' the garden Posy Land
Where pinks like painted pictures grow,
A re'ly royal beauty show;
And then our homeward way we take,
Back to the pleasant Land o' Cake.

There snug in Gran'ma's lap to be
Is happiness enough for me;
Close by the open sugar bowl,
Her loving arms about me fold,
And in her comf'y rocking chair
We rock and ride 'most ever'where.

Sometimes we take a rocking trip
And fancy we are on a ship,
With Gran'ma captain, as it were,
And me the only passenger;
Or fancy it's a railroad train,
That brings us safely home again.

Safe home where little ginger men
And ladies welcome me again;
No sweeter place I've ever known
Than just the Land o' Cake alone,
And there I kiss and crown Gran'ma
The goody goody queen of all.

SUMMER LAND

IN Summer Land I like to be
Underneath the apple tree
Which makes a cooling shade for all,
Just like a great big parasol.

High in its branches, sweet and cool,
The birds are having singing school,
And serenade the feathered pair
About to start housekeeping there.

And all around the flowers bloom
To please the happy bride and groom,
And Summer Land is sweeter far
Than any other countries are.

Along the garden walk I see
Sweet posy children smile at me,
With dainty colored dresses on
And bright-eyed faces, everyone.

There little Pansy lifts her head
And wakes up from her garden-bed
And Daisy proudly longs to wear
The Lady Slippers growing there.

There bugs and butterflies are found
And there the bum'ler bee comes 'round
And gives Miss Hollyhock a hug
And fills his honey-'lasses jug.

But all along the busy street
We feel the burning Summer heat
And when the breezes blow there flies
The dust like pepper in my eyes.

The tears come rolling off my nose
And oozing out from head to toes
As if I leaked from every pore
And couldn't stop it anymore.

GRUMBLE ALLEY

THE little girls and little boys
Who just keep looking sweet,
And play content with dolls and toys,
All live on Happy Street;
But those who pout and those who frown
And all their passion rally,
Live in a cheerless part of town,
In gloomy Grumble Alley.

It's nice to be on Happy Street,
Where smiling children play,
And where their little playmates meet
To laugh their cares away;
For there the little hearts are light
And make the glad earth ring,
When girls and boys with faces bright
The songs of childhood sing.

But once when I was pouting so
And would'nt even kiss,
They said at last they learned to know
A Grumble Alley miss.
And now I try with all my heart
To just keep looking sweet,
And laugh and smile and never part
From sunny Happy Street,

THE SHADOW

AT night when our lamp is lit
And I come in to play a bit
Alone with dolly, all at once
A funny Little Black Man comes.

Sometimes he follows me around,
Or goes ahead, without a sound:
So quietly, I never hear
The Little Black Man tiptoe near.

Across the carpet, up the wall,
He stretches like a giant tall,
Till I am 'most afraid that he
Might catch a little girl like me.

But when I go right close to him
He shrinks until he's short and thin,
Just like a Lil-li-pu-ti-an,---
A teeny-weeny Shadow Man.

And when I walk away he steals
In silence closely at my heels,
Or if I turn, to my surprise,
Flat on the floor my shadow lies.

I've tried to chase him from the room,
And sweep him up with mamma's broom,
But he won't go a step for me
Unless I go along, you see,

He never seems to mind at all,
But creeps up close against the wall,
And like a naughty boy he stands
And mocks me when I raise my hands.

And if I try to catch him there
It seems he isn't anywhere;
I think it very strange and queer,
For he will always disappear.

And when the lamp is out at night,
He's always somewhere out of sight.
Now I would re'ly like to know---
Where does the Little Black Man go?

'ANTA C'AUS

THERE is a jolly Wonder Man
All dressed in furry clothes,
With milky, silky whiskers and
A bumpy bunch of nose;
And ev'ry Chris'mas Eve he comes
With dolls an' trumpets, books an' drums,
Fast from the frozen Far-Away,
A-riding on a reindeer sleigh.

He allers comes at night because
It's then we dream anew
Of toys and dolls, and 'Anta C'aus
He makes the dreams come true.
And so when mamma's locking up
I hang my little stocking up,
And toddle off to bed,--- the sweet
Dream-heaven of the Land of Sleep.

And then a-bounding o'er the snow
He comes with gifts galore;
He's loaded down with bundles so
He can't get through the door;
But he don't mind and, smiling droll,
He squeezes down the chimney-hole,
Unpacks his wonder bundle----then
Just like a wink he's off again.

And when I wake, behold I see
 What 'Anta C'aus has done,---
A toyful, joyful Christmas Tree
 He hung my dreams upon.
And papa laughs and mamma she---
She just smiles and watches me,
To see me clap my hands because
I'm so glad for 'Anta C'aus.

PART II



THE LITTLE CRIB

THE little crib is a sweet retreat
At the end of a busy day,
Where the tired little hands and feet
Are tenderly tucked away;
A downy nest of dreamy rest
Where the slumber shadow creeps
And angels fair keep watchful care
While our little darling sleeps.

There the little song of the happy day
 Is hushed in the silent dark,
To be heard again in a roundelay
 With the song of the morning lark;
And the roses creep o'er the dimpled
 cheek
 On the pillow snowy white,
Like the perfect bliss of a perfumed kiss,
 When our darling says "Good-night!"

Not all the gold of the richest mine,
Where the treasures of earth are hid,
Would I take in exchange for the babe
divine,
That rests in the little crib;
Wealth, fame, renown, or kingly crown,
Lord over land or sea----
In none of them lies so rich a prize
As the little crib holds for me.

When shadows of doubt encompass me
And I falter beneath the rod,
I look in the wee little crib and see
The true living witness of God,---
My sweet little child, pure, undefiled,
With the innocent angel face,
Like a halo cast till the room at last
Seems a holy, heavenly place.

Oh, empty and vain are the honors of
earth,
And false all its glittering gold !
The God-given treasure of infinite worth
Is this sweet little innocent soul,---
The dear little dove of the homeland of
love,
In soft downy pillows half hid,---
Naught else can compare with my one
treasure there----
My darling asleep in the crib.

SLUMBER SONG

SLEEP, my weary dearie, sleep,
Sailing o'er the Dreamy Deep,
This thy bed---the good ship Rest,
Takes thee on a peaceful quest;
With thy sail of counterpane,
Thou shalt ride the By-low Main,
Blissful voyage then, my sweet,
Sleep, my bonny baby, sleep!

Where the silent water flows
Thou shalt rest in sweet repose,
While along the star-lit sky
Floats the Night-wind's lullaby;
Sweetly borne to rosy rest,
In thy cosy little nest,
Sailing, sailing o'er the deep,
Sleep, my bonny baby, sleep !



Let the good ship sail away
To another happy day,
O'er the peaceful waters borne
To the sunny hills of morn !
I'll be waiting for thee when
Thou shalt anchor here again;
All my love for thee I keep,
Sleep, my weary dearie, sleep !

HOME-MADE ROYALTY

OUR home a little kingdom is,
Its coronation was the scene
Of Love investing mamma queen,
Anointed by our baby's kiss;
But she was prone to abdicate,
And made love's sweet surrender
there,
To baby in the high chair where
The heir-apparent reigns in state.

PINK PIGGIES

TEN little piggies all in a row,
Where do the little pink piggies go?
They slide down the stairway and run
through the hall,
They climb to the pantry-shelf and
tumble over all,
Every hour of the day into mischief led,
And then at night they carry little
sleepy-head to bed.

THE TINWARE BAND

HERE comes the band on dress parade
A-marching up the street,
Now we'll have a serenade,
A tuneful tinware treat.

See them march like soldier men,
How they keep in line,---
Up the street and down again,
All performing fine!

To the tin-horn's "toot-a-toot!"
Merrily they come,
With a dipper-handle flute,
And a dish-pan drum.

Bessie bears the banner high,
 Mounted on a broom;
Willie blows his bellows dry,
 Getting into tune.

Georgie opes his mouth a space
 Very like a tunnel,
Sounding deep to lower bass
 Through a spacious funnel.

And the way they all join in,
 Little girls and boys,
Spite of all discordant din,
 Makes a tuneful noise.

Such a musical array
Sousa never planned,
As these little children play
In the Tinware Band.

BABY'S PRAYER

DEAR Dod, b'ess teeny-weeny me;
Papa an' mamma,---'ust us three !
I p'ay thee, 'ord, my soul to keep;
Now I lay me down to s'leep !

THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS

OH, dolly looks so shabby now---
She can't go out at all,
'Cause if the Rag Man saw her
I'm sure he'd want to call,
And although I'm very busy,
I'll straightway have to go
For needle, thread and thimble,
And sit right down and sew.

Let's see, I'll get the fashion book
And study that a while,
For dolly's dresses must be made
The very latest style,---
With ruffles, flounces, puffs and frills,
Behindward and before,---
She won't need any pockets in,
She don't know what they're for.

I won't need any pattern
Just to make a dolly dress,
'T will fit her quite as well I think
To do it all by guess;
You simply cut the goods all up,---
That's how it is begun,
Then sew it all together and---
Why, then the dress is done.

I like to sit and sew all day,
For dolly must have clothes,
But mamma says my stitches
Are as long as papa's nose,
And then I'm quite insulted
And think I'd rather play;
While mamma does the sewing
So the Rag Man stays away.

QUESTION MARK

EVERY evening, after dark,
Comes my little "Question Mark;"
Comes and settles on my knee,
Ready to examine me;
And the questions that engage---
All-confounding fool and sage---
To unending currents grow,
Like the Puzzle River's flow,
Till at last in sheer despair,
Finding neither let nor pause,
Looking wise, to her I bear
This intelligence---"Because."

“What gives pussy her cold nose?
“Who put needles in her toes?
“How far is it to the sky?
“Why does not the moo-cow fly?
“Where is 'Anta C'aus?---and when,
“When will Chris'mas come again?
“Does the clock strike with its hands?
“Is it going where it stands?”
These, and countless questions more
 That perplex her childish thought,
Quite exhaust my meagre lore,
 Suddenly come all to naught.

Yet with every setting sun
Little Question Mark will come,
Wonder, marvel and surprise
Showing in her searching eyes,
And her questions without end
Take me sore to task again :
Why my hair is short and thin,
And---“What makes the kettle sing ?”
Thus they come without a pause---
 I can scarcely make reply
Till another one she draws
 From her bountiful supply.

NOAH'S ARK

NOAH'S Ark was safe in port
And anchored high and dry
Where Toyland charms of every sort
Delighted baby's eye.
The animals made quite a noise
As animals will do,
And baby, happy with her toys,
Said lustily: "Goo-goo!"

Just then old Noah's pussy-cat
 Hopped right out thro' the door
And chased a naughty little rat
 Pell-mell across the floor.
At that a wooden puppy flew
 Upon the ratter's trail,
And barked as wooden puppies do,
 And wagged his wooden tail.

The elephant and 'potamus
 The lion and the bear
Came out to see what's all the fuss
 But baby didn't scare.
The horsey shied and gave a neigh
 The woolly sheep said "Baa!"
And when the mule began to bray
 The baby laughed "Ha! Ha!"

The rooster crowed with all his might,
 To hear the puppy bark;
The little red hen took a fright
 And hid behind the ark.
The ducky came and said "Quack-quack!"
 The piggy squealed "Wee-wee!"
And baby, much amused at that,
 Laughed merrily "He! he!"

The animals, excited now,
 Came rushing one by one,
But baby quite enjoyed the row
 And thought it jolly fun;
But when the cow with lantern eyes,
 Began to bellow "Moo!"
It took her so much by surprise
 She cried "Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

LITTLE SWEETHEART

WHO comes and meets me at the door,
And gives me of her precious store
Of love and kisses, o'er and o'er?

Little Sweetheart.

Who comes and perches on my knee,
'To ride a horse and gallop free,
Far, far away, and back to me?

Little Sweetheart.

Who follows me with earnest looks
To all the pleasant little nooks
Throughout the Land of Story Books?

Little Sweetheart.

Who laughs and sings the livelong day,
And leads me on the sunny way
Where love and sweet contentment stay?
 Little Sweetheart.

Who, tired, comes to be caressed,
And seeks a pillow on my breast,
To rest? My Little Sweetheart. Rest,
 Little Sweetheart.

THE RAINBOW

THE rain had fallen down in showers
That almost drowned the meadow
flowers,

But when the sky began to clear
A splendid rainbow did appear;
And seeing that, in manner gay,
Wee Dorothy was heard to shout:
“They think it’s Decoration Day
I see they have their bunting out.”

HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL

SOMEBODY found a pencil,--- now
who could that somebody be?
Somebody eagerly used it where nobody
else should see,
For here on the wall in the hallway, in
an off-hand fashion are strung
The most curious hieroglyphics, and all
in an unknown tongue.

Somebody versed in letters that nobody
here understands
Left a mysterious message that some ex-
planation demands;
What are these singular symbols, these
labored inscriptions absurd,
As wierd as the ancient Egyptian, I can-
not decipher a word?

What do those curly creations, those
fanciful flourishes mean,
Stopping abrupt in an angle like the
jumping-off place in a dream?
They cannot be Greek, Latin, Hebrew,
altho' they resemble them all;
Oh, who can interpret the meaning of
the hand-writing here on the
wall?

What should we do to somebody, if some-
body taken to task
Should confess that the meaning was mis-
chief from the first sweeping
stroke to the last?
Don't you think it a proper proceeding to
make an inviolate rule
That all mischievous hand-writing experts
should be sent to a sound
spanking school?

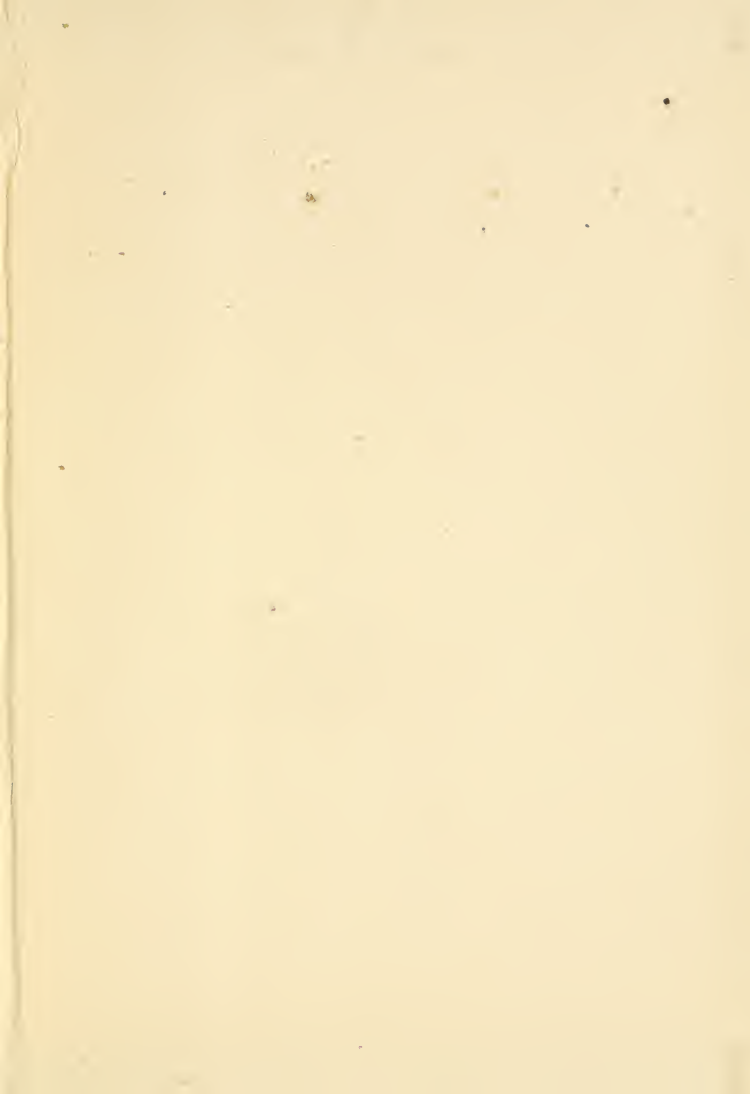
What?--- somebody sobbing--- you're
sorry? The cry of repentance is
heard,
And the tears of the penitent culprit ef-
face every mischievous word;
For so the good Master disposes,--- who
his infinite love will entreat,
Find the chastening process is bitter, but
the joy of forgiveness is sweet.

GOING BYE-BYE

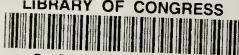
GOING bye-bye!---what delight
 To my little miss
Holding to my fingers tight,
 Going bye-bye is!
Down to Gran'ma's, here or there,
O'er the city thoroughfare,
Town or country, everywhere,
 Going bye-bye's bliss.

And to see her romp for joy,
A-going bye-bye
Thrills my heart as when a boy
I, too, went bye-bye.
But I fear there'll come a day,
Bye-bye will not sound so gay,
When 'twill break my heart to say,
"She's going bye-bye!"

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